Duality

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Duality

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Hannibal uses some objects on Will he's had made especially for him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal had taken his time opening Will. Fingers had followed tongue, while Will was on his back, told to hold open his thighs so he'd be spread very widely. But this had only been a prelude, an appetizer and aperitif to the main course.

The final thing he wanted to put inside of Will would take some effort on both of their parts.

"Will, this may feel uncomfortable at first. It is large. Possibly the largest object you've ever taken. But I know you are able to. And you want to do it for me, don't you?"

Will exhaled, and said, voice wavering, "Yes…"

"You trust me. Your body trusts me. Just remember to breathe."

With that, Hannibal slicked up the metal plug he'd recently had specially made. It was smooth and almond-shaped on one end, flatter on the other. There was something inside of it that moved inside another outer shell.

He started slowly, teasing it in and out of Will's pink hole, marveling as he always did at its tight slickness. After a certain point, Will gasped and moaned, and Hannibal withdrew for a moment, putting a broad hand on a shaking thigh in reassurance. He tried again, this time almost getting it all the way in before stopping to give Will a moment to recover.

The third time, he pushed it in inexorably, slowly, centimeter by centimeter, until the widest part was almost inside. Will's legs were shaking, and he gripped them tightly, fingers digging crescents into his flesh. Hannibal hummed an approving noise as the plug finally slipped all the way in, and Will cried out as it came to rest heavy with persistent pressure on his prostate.

"Very, very good, Will. You did so well for me, it's so perfect to see you try so hard to please me."

Will could only moan as Hannibal caressed his perineum gently, feeling the weight of the large metal object that was filling him so much. When the trembling in his thighs had stopped, Hannibal sat back and eased Will's hands back to rest lightly on the bed.

He looked Will over, and said, "Are you ready for more?"

"I can't imagine what more you could dream up to do to me, but I think so," Will said, managing a weak smile.

"I had another object made for you, a device that will work in harmony with the other, and in harmony with your body."

He produced a black loop, made of a mesh fabric which he demonstrated the elasticity of by looping it over his fore and middle fingers and drawing them apart. Will could see it had small bullet-shaped things sewn into it at opposite ends. Hannibal smoothly placed the thing over the head of Will's cock, already stiff and leaking from the plug stimulating him inside. It rested just at the furthest end of the shaft, with one of the sewn-in objects sitting at the top and the other up against the underside.

It fit firmly; when Hannibal was satisfied it was in the correct place, he moved to the other side of the bed, and moved Will parallel from his former perpendicular positioning. He sat down at Will's head, and pulled his shoulders up into his lap. Hannibal stroked Will's hair, pushing the slightly-damp locks out of his eyes.

He took a small, rectangular black device off the bedside table, and showed it to Will, who looked up at him with a wide, soft expression.

"Do you know what this is?" Hannibal asked.

"It…it looks like a remote control," Will said with a hint of trepidation creeping into his voice, despite his implicit trust.

"Exactly right. Soon, I will turn it on, and you will feel sensations you could never have dreamed. Nothing like pain," he added when he saw Will's eye twitch. "Nothing like you've ever imagined possible. I'm going to make you feel so good, your heart may shatter. But I will be here to hold you, to keep you in my arms the entire time. Beautiful Will…," he trailed off for a moment. "Exquisite in your ecstasy. A work of art in agony. I would combine them for access to a part of the sublime."

It was beyond merely *not thinking* when Hannibal did these things to him. When Will was alone, with no one else to invade his thoughts, and all the pleasant commotion of the dogs ended after they'd settled down for the night, he was left with a distant buzzing that sometimes even invaded his dreams in the form of swarms of flies. When he was working a case, the minds of the killers wedged themselves in between the spaces of his own consciousness, and he feared that the cavities were widening.

But with Hannibal…his mind was joined to Will's in a way that was liquid and warm, like the way whiskey made his body feel. Heavy and sweet, but settled in like he belonged there.

For his part, Hannibal felt the connection too. For him, it was more like oxygen coursing through his bloodstream after having been slowly suffocated all his life without ever even knowing it was occurring. He could think more clearly, and yet never had considered his thoughts to be clouded before. Will had been a revelation.

Hannibal continued to stroke Will's hair, until he felt his body totally relax. His breathing was calm, deep and measured, when Hannibal turned the device on to its lowest setting. Both devices functioned independently, but Hannibal brought them up to the same intensity in concert with each other. Will's body moved, but did not stiffen or tense; Hannibal was pleased that his gradual start to the session had gone so well.

He gave Will time to adjust to these settings, then increased them again. Will settled back against him more firmly, and he began to grip the sheets. He looked up at Hannibal, to find him gazing down at him, soft adoration creasing his eyes.

"Hannibal, it's…I can feel a kind of connection, inside and outside…"

"That is exactly how you should be responding, Will. Your body is capable of the greatest heights of pleasure. Delve into the connection between your mind, and the physical."

Now, Hannibal turned up the vibrations for the plug only. A noticeable about of precum began to leak down Will's straining cock. He pressed back into Hannibal's embrace, who held him tighter.

"Uh…oh god…," he whispered, voice deepening and verging on frantic.

"I'm going to make you cum this way, Will. Slowly and gradually building your arousal, until you finally let go."

Will bucked his hips into the air, in a vain attempt to get some kind of contact against his aching length. This was Hannibal's signal to turn up the settings for the other device, which was now making Will's cock surge and twitch in a way that Hannibal regarded as most visually pleasing. He was so wet now, his cockhead slick and bordering on red.

They continued this way, Will writhing more and more, Hannibal increasing the settings, sometimes in tandem, sometimes alone, until they were both maxed out. Will was arching his back, moans from deep within his diaphragm escaping his lips unbidden and uncontrolled.

"You must gain control of your breathing, Will. Can you do that for me?"

Hannibal's voice cut through his fog of neediness, all the overwhelming sensations, and got him to focus. He couldn't speak, though, and was only able to nod his assent that he would try.

Slowly, Will gathered strength from his deep desire to please Hannibal, so innate to his character now, and took measured, deep breaths. As he did so, he felt a flame igniting in his abdomen, spreading a tightness that started at a point inside him, somewhere between the two devices being used on him. There was a strange, sympathetic response from his body that seemed to derive its rhythm from the vibrations.

Suddenly a different feeling began to thrum through him, electric, and flowing into his arms, legs, down to his fingertips and out his toes. Hannibal held him tighter still, well aware of what was beginning to occur.

Will's eyes opened; he'd not noticed he'd had them shut tight. His lips parted, and he looked back up at Hannibal with a look of knowing astonishment. Instead of thrusting forward, he pressed back into Hannibal and into the bed leading with the base of his spine…

…And then his orgasm overtook his consciousness, his eyes rolling back. His limbs shook, but did not strike out. His head fell to one side, and Hannibal stroked his cheek.

"Yes, just like that," he said softly. "So perfect, so good…show me…"

Thick and unending, cum flowed in wave after wave, drenching Will's chest and abdomen; down the shaft of his throbbing cock, over his balls, coating his thighs. Time did not exist for Will in that experience, and Hannibal experienced his own empathic connection, sharing in the experience of endless pleasure. As it began to end, he eased off on the settings of the vibrating things in and outside of Will.

The first thing Will became aware of was, again, his breathing. It was heavy and labored, and he remembered again to take slow breaths. He was still cumming when he was able to open his eyes again, a few last surges flowing from him. He soon realized he was practically covered in it.

When he caught his breath again, he tried, and failed, to talk.

Hannibal smoothed his sweat-soaked hair off of his forehead.

“Quiet, shhh, do not try to talk yet. Just feel the blood singing through your veins, your heart bringing it along,” Hannibal said. He continued to stroke Will’s hair until his body stopped shaking.

Will eventually turned his head; his cheek, still flushed and almost burning, rested comfortably against Hannibal’s thigh. It seemed soft yet so muscular to him. It made him think of the duality of Hannibal’s nature. How strong and yet yielding he sometimes was; how his aesthetic was so refined, yet he looked at Will – often unkempt, tired – as if he was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. And here, in his arms, after being given a literally overwhelming amount of pleasure, these contradictions came together in a synthesis that was like a language only the two of them understood.

He settled in for a few more moments to regain control of his limbs, and in his mind, vividly imagined all the things he would do to try to make Hannibal feel as good as he felt now.

End Notes

Belated birthday fic for my best friend and writing partner. We have talked about this scene extensively, and I decided to just write it for you!

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